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WOMAN'S WORK

A FOREIGN MISSIONS MAGAZINE

Reasonable Optimism

When I Was President

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Vol. XXXIII No. 1

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Subjects for Auxiliary Meetings, 1918

January	China.	July	Review of the year—The Home Base—Orientals in the U. S. A.
February	Chosen.	August	China.
March	Japan.	September	India—Home Base—Outlook for the Year.
April	Africa.	October	India.
May	Latin America.	November	Siam.
June	Philippine Islands.	December	Moslem Lands—Syria and Persia.

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WOMAN'S WORK

A Foreign Missions Magazine

VOL. XXXIII APRIL, 1918 No. 4

PICTORIALLY, in this issue we give glimpses of various African trails, in the forest, on the desert, and by the sea. A graphic glimpse too is quoted from *An African Trail,* the textbook for united study; another from an account in a private letter from Rev. Mr. Brinton, of the M. E. Church. But the trail, with all its difficulties, tragedies and romance, is destined to disappear, even as our own Indian trails have disappeared from our forests and mountains, before the advance of the Steel Trail which is gradually blazing its way through the jungle. "From the Cape to Cairo," was the dream of Cecil Rhodes for East Africa, and long ago the dream came true. Now the whole continent bids fair to be linked together by a network of railways, existing and projected. The Benguella, the Algiers, the Konakry-Konkan Railways are accomplished facts; the English are electrifying the South African lines; the French are planning rails across Sahara which will connect Uganda and Cameroon in West Africa with the Eastern coast and the Mediterranean.

To many beside Presbyterians Jean Mackenzie is the voice of Africa. Her poetic prose and her exquisite verse are known to a wide and appreciative circle. There were those who thought that to put her delicate humor, her luminous English, her broad humanity, and her spiritual insight and outlook into a textbook, to be studied in classes, was a little like harnessing Pegasus to a delivery wagon. But the venture was rewarded for the charm of the book has given a new impetus to united study. Those of our readers who wish always to have a ready-made program suggested for use in their auxiliaries are urged to study the glimpses of our own workers and work given in this and previous issues of WOMAN'S WORK and in the Board reports and leaflets; to read again *An African Trail* and *Black Sheep,* by Miss Mackenzie; *Thinking Black,* by Crawford; Blaikie's *Life of Livingstone,* and the *Life of Mary Slessor.* They may find too noble pictures and comprehensive articles on Africa in the February issue of *The World Outlook,* published at the Methodist Book Concern, 150 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., and giving news, not of the work of a particular church, but of the onward movement of all the forces that make for the progress of the Kingdom. The only trouble with their program-making will be an embarrassment of riches.

THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Assembly's Board with out-going missionaries will be held at 156 Fifth Avenue, beginning on June fifth and closing on June twelfth.

IN this crucial hour, so strongly felt by the leaders in mission work is the challenge of Africa to the churches, that in November, 1917, there was held in New York an "All-Africa Interdenominational Conference." Not only were the Mission Boards represented, but also the Bible Society, Student Volunteers, the Missionary Education Movement, such institutions for training as Columbia University, Union Theological Seminary, etc. Great problems were discussed; conditions in Africa as affected by the tremendous changes following the War; the reaction of pagan Africans to foreign civ-

ilization; the blighting curse of drink; the tidal wave of Moslem propaganda sweeping over the Continent, etc. The alliance of the forces of truth throughout this vast front needs to be immensely strengthened and closely coordinated.

Team-work always pays! Sending us a group of new subscriptions a California correspondent writes: "The above subscriptions were secured as a result of a "team" visit of the Presbyterial Secretary for Missionary Education and the Secretary for Literature. Our society of fourteen members had not held a meeting for nearly two years! More was accomplished by the personal touch that one afternoon than would have been in months of correspondence." We have all heard of the inebriate who said his business was to travel with John B. Gough as "a horrible example!" So, over against this model Secretary of Literature we put as "a horrible example" another, of whom a correspondent writes in renewing her own and other subscriptions: "We love the magazine and look forward to its coming, but have waited in vain for our Secretary of Literature to gather in the subscriptions. She seems so indifferent that we have decided just to send them in ourselves!"

The soldier who falls fighting disease at the front dies in battle as truly as he who faces the cannon. Helping the bitter suffering in Persia of the starving, half-naked and diseased people one after another of our valiant soldiers have counted not their own lives dear, but have gone on to the supreme sacrifice. To the roll of these recent martyrs, Mrs. W. A. Shedd, Mrs. E. W. McDowell, Rev. Dr. S. G. Wilson, another name is now added—that of Rev. C. A. Douglass, who was stricken with typhoid while actively engaged in relief work in East Persia. The sender of the message to the Board Rooms, from the Armenian and Syrian headquarters, adds: "We can never replace men like Mr. Douglass, nor can we in the United States ever make a sacrifice, financial or otherwise, commensurate with what these missionaries and other relief distributors are making in Asia."

We hope that the women of the church auxiliaries will use their influence to interest the younger missionary workers to study the valuable articles appearing on our page *With Presbyterian Young People.* It is most important that they should know what their Church expects of them, which Assistant Secretary Schell tells them in clear and attractive style in this issue.

Every church in which there is no woman's missionary auxiliary will, it is hoped, be brought into line during the two years' campaign preliminary to the celebration, in April, 1920, of the fiftieth anniversary of organization of women of the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., for foreign mission service. The campaign will also have such other objects as advancing the budgets of the Women's Boards, obtaining suitable candidates for the foreign field, and a general quickening and stimulating of intelligent interest in missions.

In Albany last Spring at the Biennial Assembly of the New York Board, Mrs. Cragin drew an appealing picture of that procession of a hundred thousand exiles returning from Siberia across the steppes; many of them crippled, blind, wasted by hardship, but free and going home! She asked how many, all over the world, had we helped to set free? In Africa physical slavery is no longer "the open sore of the world," which Livingstone set himself to heal, but the people are still in bondage till they knew the truth—the Truth that makes men free! It is ours to send them that emancipating message!

Our Missionaries in Africa

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES

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The Heart of a Boy

HILDE LAIBLE

[*MISS LAIBLE is one of the Africa Missionaries obliged to wait in this country till the way opens for her to return to her field. She writes, "You will have to send me back to Africa to live more stories before I can tell them. Hurry up and send me!" We were disappointed that Miss Laible could supply no photographs. She says: "I ever begrudged the time to take and especially to develop them. Besides I feel further away from my people when I take a picture of them, looking at them with white man's eyes, than when I sit down and grind peanuts on a rock with the rest of the women. I do not want to look at them as at an interesting moth or a quaint deer!"*]

"No, AFA'A, a little fellow like you does not go so far into the jungle alone; you are too young to meet the dangers of the forest; too young to pass through strange villages; you stay right at home!"

So said Biba, the slender, tall old man, possessor of his jungle-village, some twenty bark huts nestling under the giant-trees of the surrounding forest. Proud he was and yet kind. Had he not gotten together quite a number of wives? Were not young boys and girls growing up in the village of which he was supreme ruler? And was not Afa'a his firstborn, for whom he gathered fetishes and riches because the boy would have to keep his father in his old age? And now Afa'a was stubborn.

"I want to see that man who has seen white people with his own eyes!"

How could a boy-heart let such a phenomenon pass when it was within only three days' travel of his own village? No, Afa'a plagued his father until finally he said: "Well, go then, if you are hanging up your heart so much about that fellow!"

And Afa'a took six cassawa-rolls on a vine over his shoulder and went courageously forth on his quest for the brown man who had seen a white man. The farther from home he went the more timid he became. With anxious eyes he peered into the semi-darkness of the jungle, ever wary of snakes, animals or any suspicious rustle. And he came to Mefô and saw, saw Ajomo, the man who had seen white people!

"Oh, there were so many people," he said, "I was afraid. It was Sunday, but I did not know what that was then, and I sat way back on the log farthest back in the bark-church. Ajomo spoke many words, my ears heard them all but my heart did not at all hear them. And he finished by asking the people to confess Christ."

"'Confess Christ—what is that?' I asked a boy outside.

"'Oh,' said he, 'you stand up and hold up your hand in church, and later you tell all the wrong you have done and you must live straight and marry only one woman.'

"'Not for me!' I said, 'I am my father's first-born, I'll be the chief of our village some day. I'll be rich and have many wives and keep our village together and make it prosper; that thing is not for me!'

"But I liked that man. I liked him

so much I went again next dry season when he came around, and I followed him through three villages. And then a school was started where he was, and I coaxed my father to let me go. All the letters I finished learning in seven weeks, and next season I read the primer up to *"Ngule zok"* (strong elephant). And next term I read stories in it and came up to the verse: 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, etc.,' and my heart shook when I read it. And I read that those who love not Him will be lost forever. I quickly shut my book and went out of the hut without asking the teacher; I went to a hidden spot by the river, opened my book and shut it quickly again when I saw that verse. I did not want to be lost! But I did not want to be poor! All those days my heart wanted to go two ways, and I wanted to be rich like my father, having many wives. Again one Sunday I heard Ajomo preach and when he asked for confessors I stood up. I did not mean to, never had it in my mind; I don't know what made me, but now I had done it. Before I arrived at home the other boys had told my father and he was mad about it and grieved. But the townspeople comforted him: 'It's only the heart of a boy, not the heart of a grown man, don't worry, he won't stick to it, he will soon come back.' And to me they came: 'Do you quite understand that a Christian has to live straight, that he can marry only one?' . . . 'And is that your business or mine?' I interrupted them snarlingly—I was so unhappy and cross those days!

And a sickness came to my eyes; many months we tried all our medicines and one eye was gone and the other almost blind. So we went, my mother and I, on the journey to the white man on the hill. Many weeks was I there and homesick I was. But I got better and went to the school and read the Bible. And I read: 'Thou shalt have no other gods beside me.' Suddenly my heart remembered all the many fetishes and witch-medicine I had in my father's house and I knew God hated that. As soon as I got home I threw them all into the river, to the horror of my people! But they did not stop me. And do you know, from that day on when I spoke to the people the words of the book they turned to God? And I became well that same week, I believe because God liked that I had thrown away my fetishes. And my father said to me one day: 'I see your heart is set upon that Christian way; one thing I tell you: if you must be a Christian be a real whole one; or else be a real whole, earnest heathen but do not see-saw back and forth.' My father is not yet a Christian, but my mother is, and I am praying for my father all the days; he will be a man of God before long!"

So told me Afa'a his turning to God. He is one of the happiest men in Bululand. A slender, lanky, brown-skinned boy, a jewel in the sight of God! With inborn headmanship he kept his younger brothers in school in the straight path. With his happy, clean, conscientious life he draws old and young to him and through him to God. Every school-vacation he spent preaching and doing personal work. And when war came and swept over his country, when people fled into the deepest forest to hide in hastily made leaf-shelters or under rocks, he went from one hidden hut to another reading to his people the comforting words when they needed them most. And God has wonderfully kept him, has wonderfully delivered him when he was in grave danger. To him personal work is not a duty but a joy, a necessity. He had an older cousin to whom he dared not talk much of Christ, and with whom all *our* endeavors had failed. Yet one day that cousin stood up in church confessing God. I shall never forget Afa'a, shaking my hands after church so happily, dancing and leaping

down the aisle for joy. His one remaining eye shone as seldom people's two do, and he said: "You know, I could not be tactless and reprove him, who is older than I, but you know I prayed for him; I prayed for him all the time, and now he is a man of God, goody!" and he danced out.

And one day young brown-skinned Afa'a brought to his home a timid, brown-skinned, pretty maiden, well versed in the art of cooking, of making a garden and of obeying a husband. And amidst a world of obscenity the two will set up a clean household to the honor of God, where the things of God will have right of way. Can any one comprehend the influence which a consecrated boy like this has among his tribe? God alone knows the hearts who have come to Him through Afa'a!

Work and Play of Busy Days at Bibia

RUTH AIKIN

SOME of my school girls are bright, some are dull. Some are good, some are naughty. My first term with them I felt that I was working an experiment from my point of view. This term I see new problems and new possibilities. I have been pleased to see the change in the girls who started last year, some undisciplined, shy, uncertain. Now they seem to be ready to "show the others the path" and to know so much more about how to act and to be more able to express themselves. Nzhie, is a splendid house-mother and puts so much of love and peace into her management of the little quarrels and disagreements that the girls are quite like one big family even though they are from five different tribes. We hope and pray and expect that the girls will take to their homes and their towns the spirit of co-operation and obedience, the habits of cleanliness and Bible reading which they get here.

The other day I was in the home of a young Christian woman and an older woman sat by me. "I certainly marvel," she said, "at these unmarried white women. They haven't any husbands and yet they live good lives."

"I think," said the younger woman, "that they are born in the Words of God. And our little girls who are born now since we have the Word of God can be like them."

There you have it—the old hopelessness of the darkness and the new hope of the light, a hope by which this young mother standing in the dawn has been able to see her little daughter whom I was holding in my arms growing up in the purity and freedom of full day. All of our eighty girls are either Christians or the daughters of Christians. A few have run away from work to come to school. Some are waiting for a marriage; some, indeed, are wives; some have younger children whom they take care of while they study and recite.

Here is a day's work at my school. The little girls get up before six that they may be bathed and ready to march to the church for morning prayers when the bell rings. After that they must eat their breakfast and wash their slates before eight o'clock. At eight o'clock school begins, with hymns and prayer and roll-call; then they study the Psalms or the Beatitudes or the Love Chapter and after that there is reading and writing and arithmetic and the sayings of the letters and many warnings not to "lift their voices" too high. And some days little girls have to leave studying to "sweep their beds," that is, in the big common bedroom each girl is responsible for the dirt or no dirt which is around her bed and under it. At noon the girls who live in the dormitory, a little more than half my school, eat their dinner of plantains which the cooking gang have put over the fire at recess time.

At two some go to get plantains

or hoe in the garden. Others do the housework, sweep the schoolhouse and yard, cook, hunt wood and get water. Every Saturday one group of girls take the clothes of all to the stream and wash them. In the afternoon we have a patching bee. By the end of the term some of their clothes become quite impossible to patch. But they are all they have and so they try to repatch the shreds.

I suppose one from a city would be disturbed by the noises of Bibia. Before sunrise, away off in the distance you would hear a drum, and in another direction a horn. And then you would know at those places, as in every place where there are three or four or five or six Christians, they are gathering to praise and worship God before they go to their work.

Then comes the sound of the prayer bell at Bibia calling all to the church. And soon you would hear their voices in their morning hymns. After the reading and the prayer we hear them sing their parting hymn and then there is the sound of voices in the street. This boy is saying over and over, *"Bon jour, Monsieur, Bon jour, Madame,"* and so on through the list of

On the West Coast at Batanga.

morning and afternoon salutations, and if you don't want them to practice on you, you will take care not to meet them in the path. Others are counting, *"Un, deux, trois . . ."* The bell sounds in the dispensary and you know that at the sound all the "sick ones" who can walk, come from their little bark rooms in a long line with bandages on feet and legs and arms, to get their medicine. There goes the work bell and after it you hear the workmen shouting their greetings and jokes to each other, and the boys, as they pass, some in Bulu, some in Ngumba, some in Mvela. Then the drum sounds, calling the boys and girls to school. After that I am sure you would like to hear the busy hum from the schoolrooms, as the children are saying over and over the letters of a very hard word, or repeating the new sentence the teacher of the French language has given them, or best of all you would be pleased to hear the words of the new Psalm or scripture passage which they are repeating. You would enjoy the shouts of the schoolboys when the drum sounds telling them that work is ended. The ones who work the least shout as loud as the one who works the hardest. But then I suppose it is just as hard to pretend to work as it is really to work.

In the evening you would hear the monotonous beating of the dance drum, and the shouting of the boys as they dance and wrestle. And last, after the curfew has rung to tell them that bedtime has come, you would hear only the usual night sounds, crickets and other little animals of the night, each singing its own tune. There is another sound which you would hear and you might think it was a fast express train rushing through, if you forgot that you were a two days' walk from any railroad. It is the coming rain falling on the thousands of leaves as it rushes toward us.

BIBIA, LOLODORF, CAMEROON.

DURING these very trying times our work here has been self-supporting. Altogether for one year there were 4,500 people confess Christ in connection with the work at this station alone. Several of the confessors were old heathen headmen, who had to put away many wives, and a store of wooden gods and ancestors' skulls. One man had forty wives, and another one thirty. Miss Aikin has charge of the Girls' School. It is interesting to see how much she does with these little, shy, black African girlies in just one term of school. She gives them her whole time, and they do appreciate it.

BIBIA. (*Mrs. Fred W.*) *Mildred Neal*

AFRICA'S MIRACLE

ANNA STEVENS REED

WHERE once deep darkness reigned,
The people see great light:
With slaves no longer gained,
The strong forget to fight.

The haunting fears of old
Are changed to fear of wrong;
The idle tales, oft told,
Give place to sacred song.

No more is magic made
For hunt, or love or war;
But schoolboys, unafraid,
Scatter the good news far.

Where evil deeds were planned
The voice of prayer is heard;
And eager learners stand
To listen to the Word.

While Woman, long oppressed,
A scorned and burdened thing,
Has found the way to rest
In service of the King.

So now, on every side,
The forest paths are trod;
A rising, swelling tide,
The wondrous "Tribe of God."

African Trails: (1) In North Africa. From *The World Outlook.*

Back of the surf and the sand on this equatorial coast is the forest, and back of that again is the grass country. . . . For generations the white man has busied himself on the coasts of Africa with ivory, with gold, with spices, with the heartbroken bodies of black men, with the oil of the palm nut and latterly with rubber and cocoa. For generations ships have lain off shore waiting upon cargo, and for generations long caravans of black men have brought treasure out of the interior and have carried back articles of barter. . . . Three thousand years before the Ethiopian met Philip on

the way that went south through the desert, there were Egyptian traders going south. . . . There were no other clearings in the forest than the black man's clearings and no other roads than those little trails sunk in the deep sea of green where black men, single file, journeyed from clearing to clearing. It is otherwise now, for the Government

(2) The little intimate path through the forest.

has opened up several great highways upon which under the amazing and intolerable sunlight the black men travel in long caravans —always single file. Rubber, cocoa, ivory, ebony, are the treasures that come out of the east over the white man's highway on the backs of men, women and children. . . . Those roads that cleave the green gloom of the forests are like breaches in an age-old stockade, and through every breach rushes the master of change—the white man, the modifier of thought, of aspect, of manners, of custom—exacting by his very presence new attitudes toward life, toward murder, toward women, toward labor. The path of the white man is marked by change, be he trader, governor or missionary.

The trail of the missionary — you know those trails. You have seen them cast like a net upon the map of Africa. Say—a web spun out of the vitals of enduring men—little red filaments upon the map of Africa, that mark the trails of the Moffats and the Livingstones, of the Casalis and the Pellisiers and the Coillards, of Krapf and Rebmann, of Mackay and Hannington, of Grenfell, of Louw, of many other major heroes who are remembered, of faithful and forgotten souls whose supreme efforts were humbly and obscurely maintained. . . . In what forest shade or under what unkind sun or beaten upon by what killing rains these and other men spun out their filaments of effort that Africa might be netted with trails for the feet of the messengers, let the records of the pioneers tell you; and if we would emphasize their perilous adventures, be sure that they would not put the emphasis there.

(3) New Government Road in Cameroon.

It is estimated that there are fifteen hundred missionaries in Africa, and many of these at this hour are spinning out of their vitals the day's journey. Tonight they will drink from a village spring, they will eat out of a native pot, they will talk long under the stars to headmen, to lesser men, to women and children. They will sleep upon the slats of a native bed, or upon the ground. About them in the dark the forest will sigh, dropping its heavy

(4) David Livingstone's last journey along the trail.

dews. Tomorrow they will be astir when the guinea fowl calls the hour before the dawn. Under the sun or the rain of tomorrow they will be urging their bicycles or their motorcycles over the open roads, or taking on foot or in a hammock or in a "bush car"—with its one wheel and its men in the shafts behind and before—the little paths of the forest. Canoes and motor boats and little coughing steamers will bear under the sun or the rain of today and tomorrow the vagabonds of Christ, making little trails upon the map of His African Kingdom. . . . The Church at home follows them with faithful eyes upon the map—these little caravans of our own tribe!

—From *An African Trail,* by Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.

"Defeat or Victory"

LUCY W. PEABODY

[IT is not within the province of our distinctly foreign mission magazine to express opinions on political or national affairs, except as these are germane to our own theme. On most of such affairs different opinions are held by people of equally conscientious conviction. But it seems that there can hardly be two opinions about the undesirability of our country exporting strong drink to the lands which we are striving to reach with the Gospel. The ship that went to the shores of Africa laden with "thousands of cases of rum and only one missionary" was not exceptional. When Mary Slessor denounced the sale of liquor among the men of Calabar, one of them answered her: "What for white men bring them rum suppose them rum be no good? He be God-man bring the rum—then what for God-woman talk so?" Miss Slessor adds: "The country is deluged with the vile trade spirits; it leaves behind it disaster, demoralization and ruined homes. Why should civilized countries seek profit from the moral devastation of humanity?" Sharing this view, as our missionary workers undoubtedly do, they will be glad to read the appeal from the pen of Mrs. Peabody, endorsed by the Federation of Foreign Mission Boards.—EDITOR.]

THE PAMPHLET bearing this title was printed in Great Britain last April, and one hundred thousand copies were sold in twenty days. Another large edition was issued when the censor struck it out and made it a crime to read it in Great Britain or her colonies. The story, however, is not different from that in our own country and experience. It should be read by every Christian and passed on until

enough people know the truth to rise and demand in the name of patriotism that this iniquity cease.

A campaign has been conducted in New England in which the women's foreign and home mission societies have united. "Defeat or Victory" rallies have been held, culminating in great mass meetings. Before the question of National prohibition is settled and we have our Federal Amendment to the Constitution, it must be ratified by thirty-six States. We should each know where our own State stands in this matter. Is it pledged to the Amendment? If not, we should begin immediately to work. While this question, on economic grounds, is vital to the prosecution of the war, it is also a foreign missionary question. Only through this Amendment can we hope to stop the awful traffic in rum sent out from our country to ruin bodies and souls of men in our mission fields in Africa.

Send for literature on the subject to Miss M. H. Leavis, West Medford, Mass. The pamphlet, *Defeat or Victory,* is twenty-five cents per copy. *The Fiddlers,* an abbreviated edition, is ten cents. Other literature suitable for program is ten cents. Will you make yourself a committee of one to distribute this literature, and to plan for meetings wherever necessary? Will you study your State and pray for wisdom and courage to secure a strong pressure on your State legislators? It is especially desired that the literature go into the hands of leading men, that their influence may be won. Every vote will help to bring relief to our country and the world.

CHANGES IN THE MISSIONARY FORCE

ARRIVALS:

At San Francisco, Jan. 28—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Fulton from Japan. Address, Wooster, Ohio.

At San Francisco, Feb. 18—Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Wheeler from Central China. Address, 3 Westmoreland Place, Pasadena, Cal.

At San Francisco, Feb. 23—Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. G. McClure from Siam. Address, Fairfield, Ia.

DEPARTURE:

From San Francisco, Feb. 22—Miss Cora Chace, to join the Kiang-an Mission.

RETIRED:

Miss Charlotte E. Hawes of the Shantung Mission. Appointed 1896.

DEATH:

At Teheran, Feb. 9—Rev. C. A. Douglass of the East Persia Mission. Appointed 1901.

Women and Children in the Heart of Africa

MARIE GOCKER

"GREAT THANKS, Mama, great thanks I give to God!" Thus I was greeted by Anzhie Mendumbi one Sunday morning on my way home from church service. It was a great surprise to see this reserved woman shout for joy. She took hold of me and kept saying: "I give great, great thanks to God because He has heard my prayers and He has saved the two women from my village of whom I spoke to you. Here they are, Ufunda and Nsa Mô, they have come today to be written. Ah, Mama, I have such big joy today, my heart is overfilled, great thanks, great thanks!"

I joined her in saying: "Yes, we have to give great, great thanks to God because He hears and He answers our prayers and He has power to save."

Anzhie Mendumbi is a widow. In her childhood she tried to be a Christian, but it was very difficult for her to live up to her belief while living with her first husband, who was a heathen. Her second husband, however, became a believer in Christ through her influence, and the two walked together in peace and harmony, trying to induce others to leave their heathendom and to join them in walking in the "Way of God."

Great sorrow came over Anzhie when

her husband was taken from her. Yet she was submissive, saying: "If God loves it thus what shall I further say? I must go ahead doing the work of God." She does not read, as she never went to school. But she is a faithful attendant of the Sabbath-school. She has a good memory, and the golden texts and the lessons which she hears in the Sabbath-school and in the other services she makes her own and then she imparts them to others.

She and her husband were the only believers in their village and its neighborhood. Every morning at daybreak this faithful woman held public prayer-service. And whenever she found time and opportunity she gathered the women and children around her to teach them the "Words of God."

After her husband's death she was asked to take a position at an outstation as house-mother of a girls' school, but she declined. When I asked her why, she said: "I would have liked to go, yet I felt too much sorry for the people in my village and I felt myself bound to help them along on the 'Way of God,' because they have no one else to tell them." Some time ago she told me that two of the women were believing and nearly ready to be written. And when the two women came to be taken in, Anzhie's cup of joy was overflowing. It was a joy of the harvest of the fruits of her prayers, her faith and her tears.

A woman worker in Africa. There is no polite fiction there of a "weaker sex" when it comes to carrying loads and doing hard work. From *The World Outlook.*

At our communion service at this station in September there were 2,485 people present. Seventy-three adults and twenty-six children were baptized. Eighty-nine confessed Christ and were written into the inquirers' class, and 585 partook of the Lord's Supper.

We have had in the hospital a little girl about twelve years of age, with deep wounds on her head inflicted by a leopard. She lived in a village nearby and one night when the door of the hut had been left open a leopard sneaked in, seized the girl and dragged her out. The other inmates of the hut awoke and rushed outside to chase the leopard. Soon the whole village resounded with agonizing shrieks of the frightened inhabitants who turned out to assist in the chase. Frightened by the great shouts the leopard dropped his prey and escaped to the forest. Then the people took up the little girl and brought her to the hospital for repair.

A few months ago Monsieur le Command-

ant David visited our school with Monsieur le Lieutenant Perret. And he very highly complimented the work of the students. One statement he made may be of especial interest. He said that he is greatly surprised at the distinct pronunciation of the scholars, whom we now teach to speak and write the French language. One can well understand their words in speaking, and also in the singing, whereas, he said, in other schools which he had visited the pupils do not speak distinctly even after a few years of instruction. Mr. David has visited nearly all the French colonies in Africa and elsewhere. His statement would show that the Cameroon people have encouraging possibilities. The educational Committee at Douala has arranged a more complete curriculum and has set the date for the Government examination in December. Our educational work is going on well, the attendance is good and interest in the study of French is increasing.

I am sending you some original compositions of my pupils. They have had only a short time of French instruction. These papers have not been corrected; they show their original work.

[We give these compositions in French, as received, translating only the longest one.—EDITOR.]

LE JARDIN DE MA MÉRE

Minga Fva'a

Le jardin de ma mère est grande. Quand elle commence à plant le jardin elle coupe les arbres. Quand les arbres est fini couper alors elle fait la terre propre. Si la terre est mauve alors les vegetaux ne peuvent pas bien élever.

Elle plante dans la jardin les manioc, les bananiers, les mais, les noix, les makabos, est les pommes de terre, etc. Elle aussi tien le jardin propre pour les animaux. Le jardin sont utiles.

LA REDACTION DE MON VILLAGE

Ndounga

J'habite au village Ajap, dans la circonscription Ebolowa. Mon village est près de la rue laquelle de Ebolowa jusqu'à Akofim. Ce village comprend une petite nombre des indigènes. Les indigènes de mon village sont les chasseurs. Presque toutes les enfants faissont l'école de la mission presbytériene américaine. Ce village est construit en deux quartiers, un quartier comprend 12 cases, en tout 24 cases (huts). Touts les cases sont rectangulaire construit, et avec les écorces, les lians branches et feuillets de palme. La forêt tourne ce village de trois cotés, et au l'ouest la rivière. A cet village il y a seulement mon jardin caoutchouc, il n'a pas les autres. Mais derrier des cases sont les bananiers plantes.

LA BROUSSE

Y. Nganne

La Brousse est une grande étendue de toutes sortes dans la Nature. Après de mon village et à Sangmelima est une grande brousse. Dans la brousse il y a beaucoup des arbres, quelques arbres sont: qui portent les fruits comestibles, et des autres sont les plantes medicinales, les plantes textiles, et les plantes à caoutchouc, comme la goine qui nous donne le meilleur caoutchouc. Il y a aussi les animaux, on l'appelle les animaux sauvages. Ils sont très nombreux. Les principaux sont: le léopard, l'éléphant, les antelopes, les singes, etc. Il y a encore les oiseaux, on l'appelle aussi les oiseaux sauvages, qui sont: les aigles, le canard sauvage, le perdrix, les perruches, et les perroquets, etc. Quelques animaux de la brousse rampent sur le ventre. Ce sont les reptiles, et les autres ont les pattes comme les lézards, le caméléon, etc. Il y a aussi les insectes. Ils sont innombrables. Les abeilles sont à peu pres utiles à l'homme, ils vivent dans les ruches et ils nous donnent les alvéoles de miel. Dans la brousse il y a des rochers très differents, quelques pierres de la brousse sont utiles à l'homme. On peut aussi voir les montagnes et les petite élévation, on l'appelle les collines.

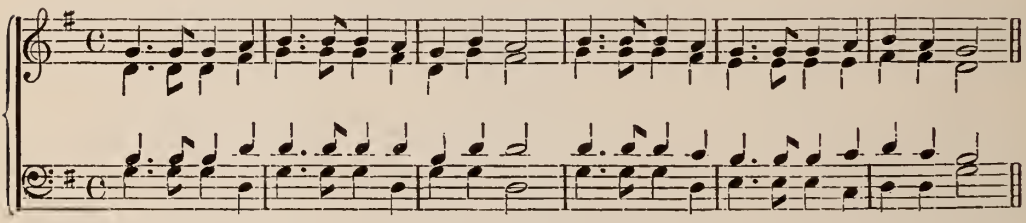
Alors la brousse est très utiles.

(*Translation*)

THE BUSH

The bush is a large expanse of many sorts in Nature. Near my village and at Sanmelima is a great bush. In the bush there are many trees, some of them are: those which bear edible fruits, and others are medicinal plants, textile plants, and rubber plants, as the "goine," which gives us the best rubber. There are also animals; they are called wild animals. They are very numerous. The principal ones are: the leopard, the elephant, antelopes, monkeys, etc. There are also birds, called too wild birds, which are: eagles, wild ducks, the partridge, parrots, parroquets, etc. Some animals of the bush move on their stomachs. These are reptiles; and others have paws like lizards, chameleons, etc. There are also insects. These are innumerable. The bees are the most useful to man; they live in hives and give us honeycombs. In the bush there are many different rocks, some of the stones are useful to man. One may see also mountains and little hills. So the bush is very useful.

Bibia.



Tata Witu, a Ngoni hymn-tune.

The Ngoni, once the terror of Nyasaland, have now become the sweet singers of Central Africa. *Tata Witu*, one of the simplest and sweetest of their tunes, is well known among all the tribes in the Livingstonia Mission, being sung to a simple hymn of consecration. The words in italics are sung by the leader alone, the congregation join in at the second bar. We take the verses, by the Rev. J. H. Morrison, and the native tune, harmonized by Mrs. Mackenzie of Karonga, from *The Record* of the United Free Church of Scotland. What a change is shown from the time when their songs were the savage shouts of naked warriors!

Editor.

TATA WITU

1. *Heavenly Father*, we Thy children come to Thee,
   By Thy Spirit consecrate us, Thine to be.

2. *Hearts to love Thee* Thou hast given us, they are Thine,
   Cleanse from sin and fill them full of love divine.

3. *Hands to serve Thee*, lowly Jesus be our guide,
   Thou didst serve with pierced hands and pierced side.

4. *Feet to follow* Christ the Saviour day by day,
   While He leads us in the true and living way.

5. *Lips to praise Thee*, make them stainless, full of grace,
   Pure as lips of angels in Thy holy place.

6. *Body, soul*, we dedicate to Thee alone,
   By Thy blood Thou hast redeemed us for Thine own.

You will never know what a source of pleasure and comfort the Victrola is to us. As I write the Doctor is playing it for some of our Fang friends who came from up Benito River to church this morning; many of them never heard anything of the kind and I wish you might hear the exclamations of surprise and delight and see the varied facial expressions—no doubt the crowd will be twice as large next Sabbath; they come out of curiosity at first but the seed is sown and many will continue to come to hear the Word of God as well as the Victrola and only our Father knows how far reaching the results will be. I have started a sort of a circulating library with the box of books that came from my friends of the New York Avenue Church at the same time as the Victrola. As we have chances, by boats or canoes passing, we send lots of six books to Bata, Elobey and Nume to the white men in the trading-houses who read English, they are passed around from one firm to another and when all have finished with them they are sent back to us and a new lot sent as opportunity offers. (*Mrs. O. H.*) *Lida Pinney.*

Benito.

"In Perils of Waters, In Perils of Robbers"

EXPERIENCES OF REV. THOS. B. BRINTON OF THE CONGO MISSION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, DURING A JOURNEY OF FOUR HUNDRED MILES BY AFRICAN TRAIL

THE TRAIL is only about a foot wide, in many places so crooked that it is impossible to ride a bicycle. In other places the grass has grown so high on both sides that you would lose your way, and the thorny bushes would tear your clothes.

On leaving the railroad we had forty-six carriers. The men who carried our loads came from the interior and wore only a piece of cloth tied around the waist. Sometimes some of the better boys would put on a shirt but this was soon torn off by the bushes and then nothing would be left but the piece of cloth around their waist.

For the first one hundred miles one could ride a bicycle. Then the path kept getting worse and worse. Many of the rivers had bridges made by cutting a tree down near the edge so that it would fall across the water. Other streams would have a boat hewed out of the trunk of a tree. Both the bridges and boats were quite risky. From the time we left the railroad station until we reached the end of our journey we were in doubt about getting along the path. Many carriers came to us and said they could not carry their loads, some said they were sick, others only wanted to carry half loads. We did not see how we would ever get our loads along. Besides this we only had a small amount of provisions and milk enough to last the baby two weeks. We thought of turning back but we did not. If we turned back we would have to wait about six months until after the rainy season was over. The next day we settled on this way: Miss Jensen, Mrs. Brinton, and I would ride bicycles or walk all the way, and this is what we did for four hundred and forty-six miles. Every day we averaged fourteen miles and some days we walked more than we rode. If we could have seen all the difficulties at the beginning of the trip the chances are we would never have undertaken the journey. Many people in Africa said we should not go, for the baby would not get to the end alive. Another man said that the trail was impossible for even women and it was worse to go with a baby. But day by day God opened the way for us to go on, though several evenings we doubted if it would be possible for us to go on the next day.

After about ten days out one of our boys got lost. He went into the woods in the afternoon to hunt honey and got lost. He wandered far away from the path and fell into the hands of outlaws who were hiding in the woods. They took him prisoner and said they were going to kill him for coming to their hiding-place. In the night he managed to escape from them, but did not find our camp until the next afternoon. In the meantime we missed him and at night I started out with three other boys to find him. It was very dark and rainy, but it did not seem right to leave him in the woods for the wild beasts to eat. The boys said there were lions in the woods but they were anxious to go. After we had gone about a mile from camp we shot the gun off and shouted many times but were not able to find him. We turned back to camp and then got lost ourselves and did not know which way to go. Finally, I happened to think that I had a little compass in my pocket. I did not know whether it could be relied upon as true, for it had got wet several times and did not respond very readily. The three boys with me were quite bewildered by this time and did not know where to go. I decided to go by the compass and after about an hour we got back to camp.

After we had gone about three hun-

dred miles further on the trail we began to wade through swamps with water as high as our knees. Often the grass in the swampy places would be as high as our heads and always it would be wet. Always at night it would rain and then this grass would be sopping wet for half a day. The hardest day was the day before we reached the end of our journey. We left camp earlier than usual, starting at five-fifteen A.M., we traveled until seven-thirty at night. We had been stopping to build bridges to get across the rivers, but this day we came to one that was so swift that it was impossible to build a safe bridge. The only thing left for us to do was to travel eight or ten miles farther and then try to cross the same river farther up. This we did and had to wade through water up to our necks for over two hours. We could not stop and wait until the river was lower for it was getting higher every day. The boys said if we stopped the chances were we would not get across. We were about out of food for ourselves and did not have much canned milk for the baby. We had to go on. I carried the baby on my shoulders and the women followed. When we reached camp that night we were tired, wet and hungry. The next morning it was raining, but we all started again and waded three more rivers before we reached the end of our journey. About noon we reached the mission station, having traveled four hundred and forty-six miles in thirty-five days.

Every night the boys kept the fires going around our tents so as to frighten away the wild animals. Once or twice they heard a lion or hyena, but we did not see any during the whole trip, though I shot three hippopotamuses, from which we got meat. Now that we have arrived at our new home safely we thank God. Some days were a little hard, but these are past. We have had a chance to test out some promises in the Bible and have found them to be more real than when we studied them in school.

Seaside Cottage near Batanga.

The Book Stall

FOUR RECENT MESSAGES

I. FROM THE HOME BASE: *Foreign Missions a Part of the American World Program*, 5 cts. by Rev. William Payson Merrill, D.D.

A word to the one who works early and late at relief work, and who looks reproachfully at the one who continues her interest, at this time, in Foreign Missions. It is the answer to the woman who turns away, saying, "Nothing matters now except helping the soldiers." Dr. Merrill has put into forceful language what many feel on this subject. "It is only looking a little further to see that the work of our missionaries is one with that of our national forces in this mighty controlling aim. Every missionary we send to Japan, or to China, or to Korea, or to Persia. is an effective contribution to the future security of our nation, an added bit of insurance against misunderstanding and the possibility of war."

II. FROM SOUTH AMERICA: *A Call to South America*, 1 ct., by Mrs. Arthur H. Simpson.

A poem which is effective for use in meetings, either recited or sung. It is a clarion call to service from the Latin lands. The little map on the cover is an added attraction.

III. FROM MEXICO: *The Mexican Girl*, 3 cts., by Miss Blanche Bonine.

A monologue spoken by a poor little ragged Mexican girl. It is a true case, many times repeated. No one could give in a few brief sentences a truer or more convincing picture of those child lives, than Miss Bonine, whose heart is given to Mexico. It is easily learned and taking in presentation.

IV. FROM GUATEMALA: *News Bulletin of the Board of Foreign Missions*, February, 1918, Free.

"Guatemala City in Ruins." This issue of the Bulletin reads like a modern newspaper, filled with thrills and horrors. But it does something more. It tells you exactly what has happened to your mission station in that city.

Messages Worth Repeating

Betty's Trip to South America, 3 parts, each	5 cts.
South America, Land of Promise	3 cts.
A Visit to Barranquilla	3 cts.
An Endless Chain	3 cts.
Missionary Adventure	3 cts.
With Uncle Sam's Neighbors	3 cts.
Indians of Guatemala	3 cts.
Guatemala in Transition	2 cts.
Studies in Life (Mexico)	2 cts.
A Bit of Mexico Personally Observed	5 cts.

Northwest Board

Sketches of Rev. J. H. McLean, J. F. Garvin, Mrs. W. B. Boomer, (Silver Series) each	2 cts.

Southwest Board

Sketch of Miss Kate Spencer	3 cts.
Sketches of Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. McCall, each	3 cts.

Order above leaflets from your Own Board and not from WOMAN'S WORK.

IN ACCORDANCE with the vote of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, the Interdenominational Committee on Christian Literature for Women and Children of Mission Fields, have prepared a program for the use of local missionary societies, to be presented on Christian Literature Day. Each Board is asked to promote the observance of a *Christian Literature Day* among its constituency, when this important subject shall be brought to the attention of the women and young people. No definite date for such a program is set, but it is earnestly hoped that it will be used in all women's societies sometime during 1918. The program is a four-page folder, with a Foreword, *Christian Literature to the Front.* It contains a suggested outline for presenting the subject in an attractive way with definite instructions as to where the material for carrying out the program may be found. They are five cents each, a special price per hundred will be made to the Boards. Programs may be obtained of Miss Alice M. Kyle, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass., or Mrs. E. C. Cronk, Columbia, S. C., or of Miss M. H. Leavis, West Bedford, Mass.

SUMMER REST FOR MISSSIONARIES

THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSOCIATION, Chautauqua, N. Y., has the finest equipment on the Chautauqua grounds, combining headquarters, reading, writing and assembly halls. It includes also a Presbyterian Home for the free occupancy of Home and Foreign missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A. The Chautauqua season opens about July first and closes the last of August. It offers unequalled advantages for health and rest and unexcelled platform of sermons, Bible studies, lectures, concerts and classes. Missionaries find here the opportunity needed for repair of wasted mental and physical energy. The management of the Presbyterian Home is in the hands of the Woman's Auxiliary. Applicants for rooms should write early to Vice-President, Mrs. J. A. Travis, 1008 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C., stating their services as missionaries of our Church, the date on which they would like to arrive and the desired length of stay, and forwarding a certificate from the secretary of the Board under which they are working.

With Presbyterian Young People

WHAT DOES THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH EXPECT OF HER YOUNG PEOPLE IN WAR TIME?

Rev. William P. Schell

The Presbyterian Church expects very much more of her young people during the War than she ever expected of them during the rosy days of peace. The Church has a right to expect this larger and greater response from her young people because of the extraordinary demands made upon the Church herself by present world conditions. In every local church, in the Church as a whole, and in all those world activities, such as home missions and foreign missions, in which she has been engaged, the demand for larger and larger service has been increasing while the number of those who are able to respond to the demands has been decreasing. We have in mind one church in a large city which has sent 106 of its young men into the army and the navy. By that one stroke this church has released a greater service than it has ever before given in its history. It now has its own "far-flung battle-line"—but in flinging out that battle-line it has necessarily lost for service in its own community much of its actual force and strength. The church naturally must therefore make a double demand upon those who have not enlisted in our country's armed forces. A similar situation exists in the world-work of the entire Church. Foreign Missions furnishes a good example. The needs of the non-Christian world have not decreased during the War; they are, in fact, far greater and more appealing than before 1914, but there is little hope of meeting these increasing needs in any adequate manner until after the War has ended. Our own Board of Foreign Missions is not attempting to push forward its work this winter; it is spending most of its energy in the attempt to prevent a deficit in its regular work—because the average Presbyterian is tempted to decrease his gifts to the work of his own church and to increase his contributions to other causes. The Church, therefore, faces a situation which makes it absolutely necessary for her to make larger demands upon her young people.

(1) *The Church expects more unselfishness and greater sacrifice.* The only measure is that of the soldier who gives not a part of his income, nor half of his possessions, but everything he has —his life. Antoine Boisson, dying for France at eighteen, after enumerating in his diary the ideals and principles for which he was fighting, adds: "These for me are no hollow, meaningless phrases; they ring like a bugle-call in my young heart, and for them, when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice!" In the light of such sacrifices the Church expects her young people to "first give their own selves to the Lord." It is no longer a question of our deciding how many *small* services we are willing to render. The question we are called upon to answer to-day is: "Am I willing to give *myself* to whatever work I can do?"

(2) *The Church expects young men and women to do "the unexpected."* Most of us are walking along a certain road and we never dream that we shall be asked to take a new road. We hesitate because we have never "gone that way before." Many a young woman is being asked by her pastor or fellow church member to engage in some special church service and she is

(*Continued on Page* 92)

HOME DEPARTMENT

What Use Can be Made of the Issues of Woman's Work?

1. I AM glad that the question is put in that way, as there are a number of good uses that can be made of the magazines after one is through reading them. They might be passed on to others, hoping that they, too, might become interested in missions; or they might be sent, regularly, to some friend who is already interested, but unable to subscribe for herself.

But I would suggest the following as one good use that might be made of them and so continue their usefulness for years to come; provided the subscriber is interested in the progress of the mission fields and missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, or provided she is interested in having a good up-to-date library on *all* subjects:

To file the different issues away topically until a sufficient number on each topic, separately, is obtained to make a book—the thickness of the volume to be decided by the owner. We pay big prices for books that are no more valuable than these would be, and in this way, one may have a sort of "History of Missions" in each country separately, and of the missionaries stationed at the various points. Each magazine, representing a year, brings the information down to the present time; or, in other words, up-to-date. I was recently asked for material on the Philippine Islands, and I had only my October numbers of WOMAN'S WORK to produce. How much better if I could have handed out a volume of material dating back ten or fifteen years and tracing our Church's work in the Philippines up to the present time! *Mrs. R. S. Weinland,* Colby, Kansas.

A VALENTINE BOX-PARTY

(A Suggestion for a Missionary Meeting)

2. THERE are persons who say love is a disease and St. Valentine a troublesome myth! They are the "matter-of-fact" who fear to make missionary meetings inviting lest the doing so should involve expense in war times. They do not realize that one must put a penny in the slot to get a penny's worth out!

So with some hesitation the program "Committee of One" suggested "A Valentine Box Party" for the Chosen meeting in February, to be held, contrary to custom, at a private home, where warmth and a pleasant get-together time were promised. That the party was guaranteed not to cost, made an approving appeal, and it was held. The valentines were letters, written by members to missionaries in Chosen. These were stamped, addressed, sealed and placed at the meeting in an appropriately decorated *box,* labeled "U. S. Mail—Korea."

Much interest was manifested. The uninitiated wondered what a Box Party would be like, and those admitted to the secret, how the valentines would be prepared. WOMAN'S WORK was consulted for names and addresses; also for information about the work of missionaries which was found in articles written by them. Pictures of churches, schools, evangelists, missionaries, etc., were cut out of the magazine, and pasted on heart-shaped posters made from red cardboard; these were further embellished, with suggestive texts and mottoes and hung about the room.

From an opening in the back of the box, the President drew out the letters one by one, and as each name was read, the writer arose and told all she knew about the recipient-to-be and her work. A surprise awaited the hostess and one

guest, when the box revealed letters addressed to each from Chosen, post-marked and stamped (thanks to a stamp collector). One of these told the first impressions of a new recruit as given in Woman's Work. With as much pride as Ali Baba, we surveyed our treasured valentines, destined to cross the seas bearing messages of love and cheer!—The Committee of One.

Mrs. L. L. Tribus, Stapleton, N. Y.

OLD COPIES OF WOMAN'S WORK CONTINUOUSLY USEFUL

3. This is what I have done—I cut out all pictures, leaving the explanatory lines below; all poems and bits of verse; many strong original phrases; also stories and descriptive articles that do not soon grow "out-of-date." I sorted my pictures into two piles—all those of natives and places "in the raw" in one; those of workers, buildings, trained and educated pupils, etc., in the other.

With long strips of manila paper, ten inches wide, I made two long rolls of pictures, a sort of frieze which we mounted around the wall of our missionary meeting-room, taking care not to place them too high, but at a good eye-level, so that they could be studied. In our program we had an intermission and guests were told to enjoy the exhibit of "before and after taking" Missionary Work in Foreign Lands. A third section held pictures of many individual missionaries, with their names and stations. The Secretary of Literature explained, told bits of news about different pictures, and presented little manila booklets in each of which were tied a missionary sketch, a verse of poetry and a bit of news.

Though it is quite impossible to get anyone to read a magazine a year, or even six months old, we felt that we had placed considerable information before our public even from old numbers, and we are planning to use this method again here in our annual luncheon and meeting on February twenty-eighth.

(*Mrs. C. F.*) *Grace Koehler,* Orenco, Oregon.

HOW WE USED OUR MAGAZINES

4. "Extension Committee" was the name given to three of us by the president of our Missionary Auxiliary. The name indicated a work new to us. We were to form a circle of those quite outside of the faithful members of our Society, and we were to interest our new friends in Missionary Literature. At intervals we were to visit these friends, leaving a fresh packet of missionary literature and taking the packet already read to pass on to some other reader. Missionary leaflets were first used, but there was a need of continuity, so I turned to my files of Woman's Work and selected three annual copies of each month. I stitched these lightly together. I then gave one of the readers of our "Extension Department" the three copies on "India," another the three on "China," and so on. This easily led up to a suggestion that a subscription to Woman's Work would bring regularly the latest word from each country. It worked finely! *Try this suggestion and see for yourself!*

Jane P. Williams, Howe, Indiana.

(*Continued from Page* 88.)

replying: "I cannot do that work. It is out of my line. I never expected to be called upon for such service and my church has never expected it of me." A true statement, but no longer an adequate excuse—for the Church *is* expecting it now! The world is turning upside down and we are going with it. Thousands of us are doing what we never did before.

(3) *The Presbyterian Church expects her young people to be loyal to her and all her work.* We all rejoice in these days when strict narrow denominationalism is disappearing and inter-

denominational co-operation is growing.

Frequently, however, we misinterpret co-operation to mean disloyalty or indifference to our own Church. In all such moods we should remember that unless we are loyal to our own task we can contribute little that is worth while to other tasks. Many young people's societies are cancelling or decreasing gifts for Presbyterian work, to help some War Fund or interdenominational agency—"taking away from Peter to pay Paul." The society is unconsciously disloyal. It should give to both causes.

(4) *The Church expects greater devotion to her Leader and Master.* These world appeals, countless in number, come not from men, nor from the Church — but from Jesus Christ. Greater devotion to Him, a readiness to follow Him, are the demands of this hour for old and young alike. In Thomas Tiplady's book, *The Cross at the Front,* there is a very suggestive chapter on "The Chivalrous Religion Our Soldiers Will Require." In that chapter there is a passage that strikes at the heart of the whole matter: "We must obey His commands as a private obeys his captain, no matter where they may lead, or what sacrifices they may involve. Our soldiers go to mutilation and death at the word of a second-lieutenant. Shall we shrink from an equal loyalty to Christ?"

NOTES FROM HEADQUARTERS

From Philadelphia

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of each month at 10.30. Prayer-meeting, third Tuesday at 11. Visitors welcome at both meetings.

PRAYER-MEETING, April 16th. *Our Missionary Candidates, India.*

AT DIRECTORS' meeting, led by Mrs. Weitzel, we had the pleasure of welcoming to the Board as Directors, Miss Clara B. DeHaven of West Chester, and Mrs. W. D. Sherrerd of Haddonfield. The associate missionaries adopted were Miss Lucile Donaldson to go to China, and Miss Clifford M. Halliday, formerly assigned to Syria, now to go to India. Our missionary guests were Miss Mary Lovett from India and Miss Elizabeth R. Williamson from Brazil, Miss Williamson's furlough having been deferred on account of the small force on the field.

PRAYER-MEETING, led by Mrs. Ramsay Swain, was largely attended and full of interest. Dr. W. Clifton Dodd, of Siam, led in earnest prayer and Mrs. Courtney H. Fenn spoke of the Evangelistic Campaign for the students of China to be opened March first, the hope being to reach the educated class which is growing in numbers and through them make Peking a Christian city and China a Christian country. Miss Francina E. Porter of Japan, said that the earnest prayer of the Japanese Christians was that their country should become a Christian country, and her last words were, "Let us love them into the Kingdom." Dr. Dodd spoke of the vast field for work in Siam where the Presbyterians alone were responsible for a people numbering seventeen millions. He told of the ten new stations to be opened, especially in the north of Siam and the southern provinces of China, where the Siamese language was spoken entirely, and of the advantages of working with a people who all spoke the same language and were contiguous. Other missionaries present were Mrs. Merle C. Winn from Japan and Mrs. W. E. Smith from Chosen.

MISS MARGARET BOYLE is spending a month in the city and giving valuable assistance in the Literature Department.

"A beautiful thought has come to a member of our Biennial Committee and that is that on Wednesday, April 24th, every member of every society throughout our territory shall observe the "Biennial" by a season of private study and prayer for Foreign Missions, by attending special inspirational meetings where they can be arranged and by a re-dedication of self and all one's powers to the task of making Christ known to earth's remotest bounds."

By courtesy of W. G. Bulletin.

From Chicago

Meetings at Room 48, 17 N. State St., every Friday at 10 a. m. Visitors welcome.

VISITORS AT OUR FRIDAY MORNING MEETINGS: Mrs. Mason Wells, Chefoo, China; Miss Alma Dodds, Teng Hsien, China; Dr. Maud Allen of the Frances Newton Hospital, Ferozepur, India; Mrs. Geo. W. Wright, Manila, P. I., and Mrs. W. B. Allison, Guatemala City, Guatemala.

THE ANNUITY ENDOWMENT plan is a new thing for our Board, and a leaflet on the subject, with full explanation of the plan will soon be sent out.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Board of the Northwest, intermediate between the two Biennial Assemblies, will be held this year in our own Assembly Room on April 18th, 1918. A stirring program is being arranged. All synodical and presbyterial officers are urged to be present, to hear the year's reports, and to attend conferences with officers of the Board, to make plans

for the coming year. This will be a most important meeting.

After a short devotional service led by Mrs. O. R. Williamson, the meeting on Friday morning, February eighth, was turned over to Miss Margaret Hodge, former President of the Philadelphia Woman's Board, and now Executive Secretary of the Central Committee of Woman's Boards of Foreign Mission of the Presbyterian Church. In her address Miss Hodge gave a short report of recent conferences and conventions which she has attended, and spoke of a suggested program for more aggressive work to be carried on by the six Woman's Boards of Missions of the Presbyterian Church.

1920 is the time for the Missionary Jubilee of three of the Woman's Boards of the Presbyterian Church. We hope that all of the Woman's Boards will join in this celebration, and plans will be made for a large increase in funds for some special foreign missionary work.

Mrs. N. C. King, the Board's Secretary for Missionary Education, gave a most interesting and inspiring report of the recent meeting of Board secretaries at Garden City, New York, and of the Conference of Educational Secretaries in New York City. "Christianity and the World's Workers" is the theme for study next year, and several interesting text books are now being prepared for Mission Study classes.

Mrs. E. H. Silverthorn read a sketch of the life of Miss Ella McCalla, who served the Board faithfully at Room 48 for more than thirty years, and who died just a year ago. A church at Vera Cruz, Mexico, will be erected by the Board as a memorial to Miss McCalla.

We were glad to have a message from our missionaries in Guatemala City. In spite of the terrible condition the city is in at the present time as a result of the recent earthquakes, they are all well and praising God for His wonderful goodness and mercy toward them and for the privilege of helping those in distress.

From New York

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 a. m. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour. Literature should be obtained from Room 818, 156 Fifth Ave.

The Forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of New York will be held in the Central Presbyterian Church, Madison Avenue and 57th St., on Wednesday, April 24th, 1918, beginning at 10 a. m. Miss M. G. Janeway, 981 Park Ave., N. Y., is Chairman of the Credential Committee, and will be present at 9:30 to enrol delegates and distribute badges. Luncheon, for which a small charge will be made, will be served to the delegates. Delegates representing Young People's organizations, will lunch in a separate room and will hold a Conference, under the direction of Miss Florence Tyler, Field Secretary for Young People's Work. The program will include addresses by missionaries, and Rev. Dr. A. W. Halsey, of the Assembly's Board. It is hoped that there will be a good representation of the societies near New York at this meeting, and all interested in the work are invited to be present at both the morning and afternoon sessions.

The Young People of New York and vicinity are again to be given the opportunity of meeting the missionaries who are going to the foreign field as their representatives at a reception on the evening of Thursday, June 6th, to be held in the Assembly Room on the eighth floor of the Presbyterian Building, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Last year the reception was an inspiration both to the missionaries and to the young people who attended. Let the societies ask their presbyterial young people's secretary just how many delegates may attend the reception and then let the full number be present that the missionaries may feel the young people are standing back of them "holding the ropes."

Master Donald Kerr, "nearly four," standing on a table in Korean dress, went through the motions that are taught Korean children. His mother told of the housekeeper's struggles where there is no gas or water supply, where even the crackers must be made in the home, and where each helper (?) is an additional spiritual responsibility. Rev. W. C. Kerr was also present at the meeting, as were Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Avison, Mrs. Bernheisel, Rev. and Mrs. Roger E. Winn and small daughter, all of Chosen; Mrs. J. C. R. Ewing, Mrs. Arthur Ewing and Mrs. W. J. Wanless of India and Mrs. C. A. Gunn of Manila, P. I.

Mrs. Hawkes of Hamadan writes of the going home and funeral of Miss Annie Montgomery. She was ill only a week, though for the past year she has been failing. The growing weakness must have been very hard for one of her temperament to bear. Beautiful tributes to her worth were given in Persian, Armenian and English at the funeral services.

From St. Louis

Meetings every first and third Tuesday in the month at 10.30 a. m. Room 707, 816 Olive St. Visitors welcome.

The Week in February from the 12th to 18th was a notable one to us, and one we wish we might have shared with our dear people in the territory.

Because it was so much to us, it must mean something to them. The new Executive Secretary of the Woman's Foreign Boards of Missions, Miss Margaret E. Hodge, on her first visit to the Boards, spent a crowded week with us—full for her, full and illuminating for us. There was not a break in the attention and keen personal interest. On page 27 of your February's Woman's Work you will have noticed, clearly stated, the

necessary requirements of the new Secretary, and you can form some estimate of the meaning of her work and its meaning to us.

St. Louis Institute of Missions for Presbyterian Young People was one of the important religious events of the winter. Cold, and a car-strike were ignored; the young people came out in numbers, surpassing attendance upon any previous Institute and they were well repaid as the rich program was unfolded. It would be difficult to select the most popular number, or the one most interestingly treated, but "New Era in Church History," "Challenge of St. Louis," *Lure of Africa*, *Missionary Mile-Stones* made impressions which will not soon be effaced. A similar Institute followed in Kansas City and in Dallas. Oklahoma is preparing for one to be held in June.

Our Field Secretary is giving three months to the societies in Oklahoma. From March 25 to April 23 are dates of Oklahoma presbyterial meetings.

Most interesting letters, read at our February open meeting, were from Mrs. John Wright, Benito, Africa; Mrs. Selden Spencer, Jr.; Mrs. E. E. Wallene, and Miss Logan, China, and Mrs. McCall, Brazil. Miss Morgan writes: "I realize more and more each day how greatly Japan needs just what Christianity can give her to bring her spirit up to the modern international spirit. Not that we see such a lot of Christ-spirit in nationalism or internationalism, but if you want to realize how much permeates that of our so-called Christian countries, live some years in a country not Christian."

The New York and Philadelphia Boards have their semi-centennial in April, which will take a Jubilee form, and the four other Boards rather expect to help in the celebration.

Now we are in another year of service for our King. Do our plans for it suit its bigness? Has faith climbed high enough, and do we keep step with it? Have we taken God into our confidence as to our Special? And are we reaching it?

From San Francisco

920 Sacramento St. Meetings first Monday of each month, at 10.30 and 1.30. Executive session, third Monday. Prayer Service, first and third Monday at 12-12.30.

Visitors to the January Board meeting brought soul-stirring messages from the fields. Mr. Geo. Rhodes of the Africa Inland Mission, 2800 miles from the coast, went out to a tribe which had no written language. Fourteen years later, he and his wife have come to the United States with fourteen hundred native words to put through the press in the shape of a grammar. When the boys were taught to read the Gospel of Mark tears fell from their eyes. "The entrance of God's word giveth light." Mr. Rhodes hopes to get some other tribal languages and put the book into the hands of native evangelists.

Mr. H. J. McCoy, for many years General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco, introduced to us Mr. Danner, Secretary of the Mission to Lepers, who in the course of his telling address gave the pathetic news that the lepers in China to whom he spoke called his attention to the fact that he had omitted the missionary collection!

We were glad to welcome back, on their furlough, our missionary, Mrs. Addie Burr Reid and her husband, Mr. Henry P. Reid, from Chiengmai, Siam.

Miss Cameron, in her report, referred to the sudden death of the mother of our Miss Higgins. Mrs. Higgins had been a real mother to the Chinese girls, paying especial attention to the new arrivals. A new spirit of gentleness and thoughtfulness has been noted in the Home the last few weeks, the result of Mrs. Higgins's gentle Christian influence.

At the luncheon hour there was a roll-call of churches. The President urged all Presbyterian women to keep the first Monday of the month sacred to Occidental Board. This is our Headquarters for Presbyterian mission work. Missionaries with thrilling messages come here to speak.

We are perhaps too near to Donaldina Cameron and her wonderful rescue work fully to appreciate her, though everyone comes under the spell of her charm. Were it not for her great modesty, we might well "feature" her as the biggest advertisement for foreign missions at our very doors that this country possesses. If there is a woman in our territory who reads this column and has not yet shown herself at the headquarters of her Woman's Board let her consider herself challenged—and invited—to the next first Monday meeting at 920 Sacramento St., halfway down the steep hill below Powell. We guarantee she will not be disappointed in the program we can offer—and that she will form the Occidental Board habit—and come again!

From Portland, Oregon

Headquarters, 454 Alder St. Meetings: Board of Directors, on first Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m.: visitors welcome. Executive Session, third Tuesday of each month at 10 a. m. Literature to be obtained from Miss Abby S. Lamberson at headquarters.

As we came together for our monthly executive meeting the morning of February 20th, word from our Assembly's Board came that a cable from Persia said "Douglas died of typhoid, February 9th." As the news fell like a blow—a strong, faithful man translated—the first feeling was a longing to take the dear wife in our comforting arms, but as we engaged in prayer for her and the work he was called from, we realized that the Comforter was close by her all the time, and underneath her were the Everlasting Arms. Words will not express the loving sympathy that goes out to our dear missionary, Eva Ballis Douglas, in her bereavement —our constant prayers are hers.

Dr. Bash in a recent report says: "When

I came to China and found a mere handful of ten girls constituted China Medical College, it never occurred to the most sanguine that in less than three years there would be over sixty women studying medicine in our school. But it is true! And what a splendid group they were, representing twelve of China's provinces and Chosen. Neither are they idle dreamers, captivated by a high sounding title, but women of conviction, who really mean work. They belong to the new China."

Mrs. Ray C. Roberts writes from Changsha: "We have just completed four buildings in our compound; opened a girls' new grammar school, reopened all the day and boarding schools; received some new members into our station, besides having a revolution in Hunan." Other buildings are in progress. The new church is completed and they have a fine, growing congregation. We are glad to know that Rev. and Mrs. Roberts are enjoying their new house, after moving nine times in the four years they have been in China! Changsha is the capital of Hunan, and visitors are constantly telling them that in no city have they seen such unlimited opportunities for work, and such ready response from the Chinese.

Miss Van Vranken writes that she is slowly improving in health, but wishes she could help instead of being laid aside, yet is thankful for the blessed privilege of prayer. This is the month for our annual Board meeting, which this year is *not* the Biennial meeting which calls together delegates from all our territory. This Biennial meeting will come next year (1919). Our Annual Report of this year's work will be issued however, and mailed to all societies. There is much that is encouraging to report.

Dr. Bash reports *five* little new missionaries in China to whom it was her privilege to extend the first welcoming hand upon their arrival. She shared with the happy parents the joy and pride in the little strangers.

RECEIPTS TO FEBRUARY 15, 1918

By totals from Presbyterial Societies

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church

Baltimore,	$351.50
Birmingham A.,	43.00
Blairsville,	237.00
Butler,	3.00
Carlisle,	107.50
Catawba,	22.13
Chillicothe,	499.72
Florida,	12.50
Lackawanna,	93.60
Lehigh,	5.00
Marion,	6.00
Newton,	5.00
Oxford,	22.55
Philadelphia,	434.50
Philadelphia, North,	$150.00
Pittsburgh,	3,433.60
Union,	27.00
Washington City,	2,243.87
West Jersey,	2.00
Legacies, Interest on Investments, etc.,	2,647.50
Miscellaneous Gifts,	174.33

Receipts for Regular Work and Special Funds, January 15 to February 15,	$10,521.30
Guatemala Relief Fund,	115.00
Armenian Relief Fund,	345.00
Special Gifts to Missionaries,	35.71
War Emergency Fund,	2,805.12
Latin America Fund,	2.00
Siam Extension Fund,	2.00
Publication Fund,	529.48
Biennial Assembly Fund,	5.00
Total of all receipts since March 15, 1917,	$176,088.71

(Miss) Anna Vlachos, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest

Bloomington,	$612.05
Boulder,	2.00
Cairo,	20.00
Central Dakota,	108.00
Chicago,	3,428.69
Detroit,	676.49
Duluth,	57.00
Flint,	41.75
Freeport,	60.50
Grand Rapids,	71.60
Indiana,	100.00
Iowa City,	50.00
Kalamazoo,	66.00
Kalispell,	55.00
Lake Superior,	263.00
Lansing,	351.00
Laramie,	10.00
Madison,	$608.00
Mankato,	306.87
Milwaukee,	20.00
Minnneapolis,	186.83
Minnewaukon,	52.25
Monroe,	74.00
Muncie,	300.00
Oakes,	50.25
Ottawa,	234.00
Pembina,	205.00
Petoskey,	38.00
Sheridan,	25.55
Sioux City,	207.50
Sioux Falls,	296.00
Miscellaneous,	232.78

Receipts from January 16 to February 15:		
Regular,	$7,602.86	
Million-Dollar Fund,	749.00	
Persian, Syrian and Armenian Relief,	58.25	
Special Objects,	300.00	
Special Gifts to Missionaries,	100.00	
		$8,810.11
Total Receipts March 16, 1917, to February 15, 1918:		
Regular,	$98,198.93	
Million-Dollar Fund,	31,998.25	
Persian, Syrian and Armenian Relief,	426.75	
Special Gifts to Missionaries,	413.50	
Special Objects,	2,403.75	
		$133,441.18

Mrs. Thos. E. D. Bradley, *Treas.*,
Room 48, 17 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church

Binghamton,	$141.00
Brooklyn,	381.00
Buffalo,	974.00
Cayuga,	186.13
Champlain,	224.50
Chemung,	50.00
Ebenezer,	62.00
Geneva,	137.95
Hudson,	110.50
Long Island,	351.00
Louisville,	6.06
Nassau,	10.00
Newark,	1,146.40
Newburyport,	$51.00
New York,	4,804.10
North River,	104.50
St. Lawrence,	55.00
Syracuse,	250.00
Transylvania,	69.20
Troy,	271.00
Utica,	1,224.47
Westchester,	685.00
Miscellaneous,	3,345.26
Interest,	22.50

Receipts from January 16 to February 15:		
Regular,	$12,430.62	
War Emergency Fund,	2,216.95	
Latin America and Siam,	15.00	
		$14,662.57
Total since March 15th:		
Regular,	$84,161.53	
War Emergency Fund,	6,912.95	
Latin America and Siam,	399.45	
		$91,473.93

(Mrs. James A., Jr.) Nellie S. Webb, *Treas.*,
Room 818, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest

Cimarron,	$15.00
Jefferson,	10.39
Paris,	193.60
Rio Grande,	$16.89
Miscellaneous,	32.94
Total for one month,	$268.82
Total for year to date,	26,001.84

Million-Dollar Fund for one month.	$60.00
Million-Dollar Fund for year to date,	1,136.10

Mrs. B. F. Edwards, *Treas.*,
Room 707, 816 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.